5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

249 their sticks, as if killing grasshoppers and worms. It has
796 sometimes happened that a young man has said that he does not believe that these prayers and songs protect the plants, that the Sun does not send messengers to destroy the worms. To such a one a medicine man will say, "Well, you can go to the place and see for yourself." The young man gets on his horse and travels to the place. When he comes to the edge of the patch and looks out on it, he sees many small children at work there, killing worms. He has not believed
● [761] in this before, but now he goes back convinced. Such a young man does not live very long.

At length the season comes for gathering the crop, and, at a time appointed, all the camps begin to move back toward the tobacco patch, timing their marches so that all may reach it on the same day. When they get there, they camp near it, but no one visits it except the head man of the medicine men who took charge of the planting. This man goes to the bed, gathers a little of the plant, and returns to the camp.

249 A small boy, six or eight years old, is selected to carry
796 this plant to the centre of the circle. The man who gathered
852 the tobacco ties it to a little stick, and, under the tobacco, to the stick he ties a baby's moccasin. The little boy carries this stick to the centre of the camp, and stands it in the ground in the middle of the circle, the old man accompany-
249 ing him and showing him where to put it. It is left there all
796 night. The next day there is a great feast, and the kettles of food are all brought to the centre of the camp. The
[533] people all gather there, and a prayer is made. Then they sing the four songs which belong especially to this festival. The first and fourth are merely airs without words; the second has words, the purport of which is, "The sun goes with us." The third song says, "Hear your children's prayer." After the ceremony is over, every one is at liberty to go and gather the tobacco. It is dried and put in sacks for use during the year. The seed is collected for the next planting.

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

When they reached the water's edge, Old Man picked up from the ground a dry buffalo chip and a stone. "Now, woman," he said, "you will tell me which one of these to throw into the water. If what I throw floats, your child shall live; the people shall live forever. If it sinks, then your child shall die, and all the people shall die, each one when his time comes."

The woman stood still a long time, looking from the stone to the buffalo chip, and from the chip to the stone. At last she said, "Throw the stone." Then Old Man tossed it into the river, and it sank to the bottom. "Woman," he cried, "go home; your child is dead." Thus, on account of a foolish woman, we all must die.

The shadow of a person, the Blackfeet say, is his soul. Northeast of the Sweet Grass Hills, near the international boundary line, is a bleak, sandy country called the Sand Hills, and there all the shadows of the deceased good Blackfeet are congregated. The shadows of those who in this world led wicked lives are not allowed to go there. After death, these wicked persons take the shape of ghosts (*Sta-au'*[1]), and are compelled ever after to remain near the place where they died. Unhappy themselves, they envy those who are happy, and continually prowl about the lodges of the living, seeking to do them some injury. Sometimes they tap on the lodge skins and whistle down the smoke hole, but if the fire is burning within they will not enter.

Outside in the dark they do much harm, especially the ghosts of enemies who have been killed in battle. These sometimes shoot invisible arrows into persons, causing sickness and death. They have hit people on the head, causing them to become crazy. They have paralyzed people's limbs, and drawn their faces out of shape, and done much other harm.

[1] The human skeleton is also called *Sta-au'*, *i.e.* ghost. Compare Cheyenne *Mis-tai'*, ghost.

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

seen in the story of E-kūs'-kini, p. 90. Owls are thought to be the ghosts of medicine men. 775 [825]

The Blackfeet do not consider the Sand Hills a happy hunting ground. There the dead, who are themselves shadows, live in shadow lodges, hunt shadow buffalo, go to war against shadow enemies, and in every way lead an existence which is but a mimicry of this life. In this respect the Blackfeet are almost alone. I know of scarcely any other American tribe, certainly none east of the Rocky Mountains, who are wholly without a belief in a happy future state. The Blackfeet do not especially say that this future life is an unhappy one, but, from the way in which they speak of it, it is clear that for them it promises nothing desirable. It is a monotonous, never ending, and altogether unsatisfying existence, — a life as barren and desolate as the country which the ghosts inhabit. These people are as much attached to life as we are. Notwithstanding the unhappy days which have befallen them of late years, — days of privation and hunger, — they cling to life. Yet they seem to have no fear of death. When their time comes, they accept their fate without a murmur, and tranquilly, quietly pass away. [171] [157] [761]

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

There was a women's society among the Blood and Northern Blackfoot tribes which was unknown among the Piegans. Its members were wives of the most highly respected men in their tribes. Prior to the sun dance in summer, members of this Matoki society built a ceremonial lodge which resembled a buffalo corral, and on the final day of their four-day ritual re-enacted the drive of buffalo into the corral. Some of the members wore buffalo headdresses and mimicked the actions of buffalo.[12]

The aged were no longer abandoned on the plains as had been the common lot of enfeebled old people before the Blackfeet acquired horses. If an old man or woman was too feeble to ride alone, he or she was carried on the A-shaped horse travois. If the head of a family knew he was about to die, he called his relatives together and told them how he wished his horses and other property divided among them. If he died without having made such a verbal will, the other people in camp made a run for his property as soon as they heard his relatives weeping and wailing. Men ran for his horses; women went for his household equipment. The men might take all his best horses and leave the poorest ones for his widow. Close relatives of the deceased, preoccupied with mourning his loss, made no attempt to prevent this raid on his property. Custom decreed that they should not do so. These raids were made with particular relish upon the property of a man of wealth who had had a reputation for miserliness during his lifetime.

No such action followed the death of a highly respected, generous leader. His lodge interior was carefully arranged just as it had been when he had entertained prominent guests. His body was dressed in his finest clothing and laid upon a raised platform of poles in the center of his lodge. Then his relatives painted simple representations of his brave war deeds on his favorite horse, braided its mane and tail and tied feathers in them, and placed his best saddle on the horse's back. In the presence of all the people of the camp this horse and others to be sacrificed were led to the door of the death lodge. Each in turn was shot

[12] *Ibid.*, 430–35.

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

[ca. 1850]

9: The Old Time Religion

761 THE BLACKFOOT INDIANS lived in a world of uncertainty. Their lives were plagued by the fear of death from starvation, from sickness, or at the hands of their many human enemies. If they had less cause to fear starvation in the middle of the nineteenth century than had their prehistoric ancestors, they had more reason to fear sickness. Their old men and women could recall the disastrous losses their tribes had suffered in two smallpox epidemics. They were still surrounded by hostile tribes, any of which might send a mobile raiding party against one of their isolated hunting camps without warning.

776 Yet the Blackfeet did not face these dangers alone. They believed they were surrounded by supernatural powers much stronger than human ones which they could call upon for protection from evil influences and to aid them in their own undertakings. These powers resided in the skies and in the waters, as well as on land. Sun and thunder were the most powerful sky spirits. Beaver and otter were potent underwater ones. Buffalo, bears, elk, horses, snakes, eagles, crows, and other animals and birds of the Blackfoot country also could communicate their powers to humans.

787 Supernatural power invariably was given to men in dreams. Rarely did a man experience a dream of power while he was sleeping at home in the lodge of his family. Dreams of power did come to some young men when they were alone and separated from fellow members of a war party. But more commonly

12: Hanks & Richardson E,P-5 (1938, 1939) 1966
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Northern Blackfoot

war deeds and political authority being equal, would ordinarily not join a war expedition led by one who was his junior. Among war chiefs who had already made their major coups, seniority was as important a factor in prestige as the number of major coups.

Unlike the Pawnee and the Comanche one's prestige did not decline after the last war deed. War was understood as a means for acquiring wealth, and if one were already wealthy, status could be maintained in certain spheres without war deeds. Once one had built an adequate herd of horses, there was no humiliation for those who preferred to remain in camp. Moreover, after renouncing warfare, one might gain further prestige. Ceremonial life was another form of competition with property as one of the stakes; a man surpassed another by paying more for an article of ceremonial importance or by acquiring more sacred articles. The tribal chiefs themselves were usually older men who had already distinguished themselves as warriors. Having given up the war path, they settled with their large herds of horses to help their relatives and thus established their positions as leaders in civil life. In this status of leader a man with less wealth and fewer coups might surpass a man with a finer war record who had greater wealth but less generosity. Above all, the mere fact of having grown old was regarded with respect, for one must have power in order to grow old. Hence, it was any dignified old man who with his liaisons to supernatural powers said prayers for the departing warriors. In fact, they prayed that the young man who offered them a pipe would have a long life and many children.

The general structure of the age societies exemplifies this pattern still further. The societies such as the Bees and the Prairie Chickens were entered by many young men, required little outlay of wealth for membership and served mainly for display, recreation, and solidifying the bonds between comrades. Those high in the hierarchy of age societies such as the members of the Catchers and the Horn societies were necessarily older men of sufficient wealth to pay a relatively high price for admission. Hence the group of members was not large. In addition these societies were entrusted with legal authority, based in part on the supernatural power which membership gave them. We thus see again the tendency to associate with age both authority and supernatural power. Though the Crazy Dogs, lying about midway in the hierarchy of age societies, might sing the old Plains song, "We do not want to become old," this was sung perhaps more in derision of their "enemy society" than as an expression of the desire to die young.

Within the residence group any remarks on authority must be prefaced by the observation that the smaller units were in the final analysis autonomous. Each household unit was free to move any place it desired at the will of the man who was head. Among the households that coalesced into

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Northern Blackfoot
Blackfoot Reserve

remain the honoured and respected heads of extended families whose lives are not chaotic. The residuals of a broken household rejoin their more stable relatives, while the new household, if not already provided with a residence, joins another group of relatives. 592

Death furnishes a final point where social disorganization may occur. It is faced today by some with terror, by others with equanimity. This seems to depend upon whether the dying person is mainly Christian or Blackfoot in outlook. Christians, uncertain of the future and concerned with the process of moral retribution, contrast with the Blackfoot who have no idea of atonement, for the mythical Sand Hills are considered a haven where good and bad alike are welcomed by their deceased kinsmen. 761 [775]

As death approaches, relatives gather around the dying person to bid him farewell. The immediate kin usually remain until the end, while others come and go. All are expected to help defray the cost of a funeral. Sometimes in the last hours a priest will be summoned to baptize a person of Indian faith, just as a kind of insurance. 763

After the last breath the formalities of mourning begin. In former times the nearest kin would don old clothes, cut their hair, and gash themselves with a knife. Old clothes and dishevelled appearance still obtain, and a mourner is vigilantly guarded by kinsmen to prevent serious self-injury. In the meanwhile others are dispatched to get the coffin, arrange for the burial service, and dig the grave. The corpse is attired in best raiment.

Funerals follow a simplified white pattern suffused with Indian custom. Rather than leave the coffin in the open or under a tipi, burial has been adopted to forestall grave robbers. There are no white prayers at the grave, but as the coffin is lowered, an intense wailing begins by all spectators. Kinsmen who heap the earth on top of the coffin receive special gifts. Once, a few years ago, however, a man received special supernatural powers in a dream to handle corpses and bury them, and he took no payment for his services. 764 [767]

The subsequent mourning follows the Blackfoot pattern. If the deceased is a key member of a household, especially a spouse, all unwilled possessions to the last packet of cigarettes are given away because the sight of these articles could only increase the pain of separation by reminding one constantly of the deceased. If a sibling, a child, or aged person dies, the mourning is not so intense, and the useful household effects remain in the hands of the mourners. In any case some kind of give-away with many people present is 765 768

believed quite secure, since a number of our People who respected its significance longed to be its Keepers. But that isn't the way it turned out. 778 114

Just prior to the Sun Dance Encampment of 1968 we learned that our Long-Time Pipe was to be sold. Its Keeper, John Red Crane, who had only recently taken over the Bundle, had been paid $3,000 by the Provincial Museum of Alberta to transfer the Bundle to them at the encampment. Red Crane invited only the members of his own society, the Red Belts, to the transfer ceremony. Actually, they were paid to attend. 778 439 177 432 796 [435] [575]

The museum promised that the Bundle would be brought back to the reserve each year to be opened. However, since the Bundle had been transferred to an official of the museum, he became the Bundle's spiritual Owner, thereby giving the museum complete control over it. No ceremony could be held without this official at the place of honor reserved for the Bundles's Keeper. This is somewhat like having a family gathering in memory of a murdered grandparent and being required to give the seat of respect and honor to the murderer.

Shortly after John Red Crane sold the Long-Time Pipe to the museum, he had a strange dream. The Spirit of the Pipe came to him, saying, "Just as you had no pity for me, I will have no pity for you." He told some of his friends about the dream and that he feared for his life. Not long after that, he was taken ill and placed in a hospital. He spent some time there, much of it in pain, before he died. When friends came to visit him during his final weeks, he was unable to speak to them—all he could do was hum parts of the songs for the Long-Time Pipe. He was not at the Bundle's last opening and he never saw the ancient Pipe again after he sold it. [787] [761]

A year after the transfer of the Long-Time Pipe, the museum decided that a complete record of the Bundle's ceremony should be made. Accordingly, $1,800 was spent to sponsor it; all the participants were paid a salary, like movie extras.

[p. 85-A]

but were prevented by the government from placing the bodies on scaffolds or in trees. 766 [177]

According to tradition, the Spirits of our People go to a place called the Sandhills after the person's body dies. Good, bad, or indifferent as the person was when physically alive, so will the Spirit go on forever in the Sandhills. A deceased person's most cherished possessions were usually placed with the body, so that their Spirits could continue to be together. The same was true of a man's favorite horse. It was often shot by his grave. Favorite horses that were not killed often died of starvation while mourning the loss of their master. 775 [764] [231]

It is thought to take some time for a person's Spirit to leave the body completely and go on to the Sandhills. For that reason, a person would sometimes be brought back from death if he had unusual spiritual powers and had instructed a close friend or relative how to recall them. For the same reason, few people would touch a dead person or go near his burial ground, especially at night. It is said that a dead person's Spirit, or ghost, often tries to persuade others to accompany it. Widows who commit suicide by their husbands' graves are said to have been persuaded to join them on their way to the Sandhills. At the Sandhills it is said that life goes on much like here, only in Spirit. The Old Way of life is the one that goes on, of course. [761] [762]

Some of our People have slept by old graves in search of Power from the Spirits who may be there. I was once inspired to seek such Power. In my dream I was visited by a skeleton-man in a 769 787 123

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 229-A]
[P. 228-A]

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

it some weight as evidence. It seems, however, that warriors took the cutting because of a vow, similar to that of the medicine woman. Sometimes a man dreamed that the sun required it of him. The giving of property and the conditions of the transfer were the same as for "cutting the thong," though we have no information that "catching" was permitted. Such may, however, have been tolerated.

The men taking the cutting were nude to the belt. Sage was tied around the wrists and ankles. The hair hung down, held in place by a wreath of cedar (some informants say sage). They were painted white. Rows of spots in blue extended down the sides of the face, over the shoulders and down the arms. Wavy lines of the same color were also drawn down the arms. A circle representing the sun, was made on the breast, also upon the chin and probably on the back opposite the one over the heart. On the forehead was another circle representing the moon. Other informants say a crescent moon in black was used instead of these circles.

According to one informant, vows were made to purchase this ceremony when ill or in great danger. If the promise brought results, the vow was fulfilled at the next dance. The supplicant calls upon one having purchased the rite. They enter the booth of the weather dancers, a blanket is held up to shut out the gaze of the others. The transferrer then paints the purchaser. He cuts a hole through the skin of the right shoulder, over the scapula, and a hole over each breast. A small sharpened stick is thrust through each. A shield is hung on the back. Long cords were fastened to those on the breast, the ends of which were tied fast, high up to the center pole. The purchaser goes up to the pole, embraces it, and cries for a time. Then he backs off, and dancing, throws his weight on the ropes. The transferrer jerks the shield from his shoulders and if necessary, assists him in tearing loose. At once, the purchaser goes out into the hills and sleeps in different places to receive power.

It is said that all who take this ceremony die in a few years, because it is equivalent to giving one's self to the sun. Hence, the sun takes them for his own.

The cutting was similar to that described by Catlin and other writers as observed elsewhere. Some informants say the dancers held whistles in their mouths and gazed at the sun as they danced. When all the thongs were torn out, some of the lacerated flesh was cut off as an offering to the sun.

McLean reports the following observations upon this ceremony at a Blood sun dance:—

....The chief attraction to the pale-face is what has been ignorantly termed "making braves." I desired very much to see this ceremony once, that I might know the

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

way to help their own hungry ones. I answered that I would do all that I possibly could for them.

I had long been a contributor to *Forest and Stream*, best of all outdoor magazines, published in New York, and so had had much correspondence with its owner and editor, George Bird Grinnell. So now, upon arriving home at Fort Conrad, I wrote him about the destitution of the Pikunis and asked what could be done to help them. In due time I received a wire from him, forwarded by mail from Fort Benton, advising that I go up to the reservation at once, make a thorough investigation of the conditions, and send him a full report on it. Twenty-four hours after getting the message, I rode into a camp of the Pikunis a couple of miles above the agency, on Badger Creek, and was welcomed in the lodge of my brother-in-law Boy Chief. In a lodge near it women were wailing for the dead; in answer to my query, Boy Chief said: "They mourn for old Black Antelope. Dead because of his defiance of the gods. Hunger gnawing him, he caught some spotted fish (trout), they, as you know, the property, the food of the terrible Underwater People—food forbidden to our kind. We all begged him not to do it. He would not heed our warnings. Ordered his women to cook them for him. They would not even touch the spotted ones. He cooked them himself, ate them all, four big spotted fish. That was last night. Just before you arrived, he died."

"Too bad. Poor old man. Forever gone from us," I said. Useless for me to say that trout were healthful, nourishing and that in the many streams of the reservation there were enough of them to keep all the tribe from starving. Nor could I advise them to kill and eat their horses, which to them were sacred animals of almost human attributes—animals that they loved almost as much as they did their children. And, different from other tribes, they believed that dogs were sacred animals and therefore forbidden food.

In turn I visited White Calf's and Three Sun's large camps on Two Medicine Lodges River, then Red Paint's camp of about one hundred lodges on Birch Creek. All alike, they were increasingly suffering from want of food—the weaker, tubercular ones already dying. Of big game none remained, either on the plain or in the

child in their home will come forward and adopt it. 855 597

Second, there are the adoptions in which the grandparents take the eldest child and assume full responsibility for it. It is this group that is with most difficulty distinguished from raisings.

Third, there are occasions when a child or adult is adopted in order to replace a deceased relative. This may often be, especially among adults, on the basis of actual physical resemblance. Closely allied to this type is that in which the special "friend" of the deceased is taken for adoption. In these circumstances the adopted person maintains a close relationship with the foster parents, but does not relinquish his place in his own family. 597

Lastly, there is a less tangible reason for adoption, but one frequently expressed, which involves some sympathetic relation of cause and effect. If a woman has been losing all her children she may go to another woman who has been more successful and beg her to take her own baby so that it may have a chance of survival. Conversely, a woman who has had no children will adopt a child and after that she is supposed to start having some of her own. Actually this is not borne out by the facts, but this does not appear to alter the conviction that it is so. One instance is recognized where bad luck in raising children was not forestalled by an adoption. But this is explained on the grounds that it was a white child from off the reservation that was taken. [854] [161] [842]

When there is a child in an unfortunate situation someone with one of these reasons in mind is certain to come forward to assume the responsibility of looking after it. Along with sympathy for the child is a real desire to have it. Circumstances are extremely important in governing an adoption, but the children are taken because they are wanted and not just because these circumstances thrust them upon the foster parents. The two things, the desire for the child and the need of the child for a home, work side by side.

Before going on to the general aspects of adoption I should make further mention of the occasions when the expressed desire is to replace a deceased relative. This may concern either a child or an adult. A man or a woman will see in some younger person a physical resemblance to a child who has died. If it is a child that has caught their attention it will not likely leave its own parents. There will be visiting back and forth and 000

32: Wildschut E-5 (1923) 1928
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

INDIAN NOTES

778 When the call, "Here comes the medicine
784 pipe," is heard, the people quickly make a place for it to pass through, as misfortune would follow if anyone should pass in front of it. Nor is anyone permitted to pass between the bundle and
• [761] the fireplace in the lodge. The ornaments on all
[53] medicine pipes are carefully examined, and retied whenever necessary, for if any piece belonging to the pipe should fall off when the bundle is unwrapped, or during the dancing, such mishap would portend the early death of some member of the family.

778 The entire contents of the Catchers Society
[127] bundle, as listed in the Museum catalogue (No. 12/512), are as follow:

A wooden tripod, on top of which is attached a parflèche bag containing the following: four skin paint-bags tied together, all containing red paint; a cloth and bladder and a skin paint-bag tied together, the bladder bag containing a piece of grease, the other two, red paint; two cloth bags and one skin bag tied together, each containing red paint; three skin bags tied together, each containing red paint; a skin bag containing red paint and two wrist ornaments consisting of thongs, each decorated with a large glass bead; a tie-string of cloth; six leather thongs; a fragment of a weasel-skin bag; four weasel-skin bags,

33: Bradley G-3 (1871-1877) 1923
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

276 554 [756] [778] [302] [415] [782] [824] 276 778 [156] [782] [761] [784] [422] [437] [435] 775 [776]

Their owners were called pipe stem bearers,[A] and the position was one of great distinction. The pipe stem bearer was regarded as a medicine man, had power to quell frays and disorders that none would gainsay, took precedence even of the chiefs in treaties and councils, and their lodges were places of refuge to which the criminal of every grade could fly and be safe from harm. They were to be distinguished by a braid of hair in the center of the forehead, which hung down before the face, and they painted the face in a peculiar manner by a red cross down the nose and across the forehead and a red or green spot on each cheek. The pipe was kept in a skin case painted red, and was only taken out upon important occasions and then with great ceremony, the assembled people sitting quiet, grave and attentive, while the bearer made incense by dropping dry cedar leaves upon live coals and chanted in slow time a guttural song accompanied by peculiar movements of the arms. These pipes were all very old, apparently handed down through many generations until the occasion that had conferred upon them their peculiar virtue was lost even from tradition. A pipe that accident might have shown seemingly to possess unusual power could be dedicated as a sacred pipe by a convocation of medicine men but it was a privilege rarely exercised. There were only about half a dozen of them in each band of the Blackfeet and these were held in great veneration. Indeed, they might almost be termed the Bible of the Blackfeet and to swear upon the Sacred pipe was the most binding oath a Blackfoot could make. Perjury or disregard of the obligations of such an oath was believed to be followed by instant death. The ownership of these pipes might be transferred by barter, but their bearers were seldom willing to surrender the dignity they conferred. In value they were computed at about nine horses.

Religion

The Blackfeet believed in a Great Spirit who is all-powerful and good and has allotted to them an existence after death. The future life they think is to be passed at a point in the Saskatchewan, which they call the Sand

A. [i.e., owners of the Medicine or Sacred pipe--Analyst]

39: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1944) 1948
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

showed the writer scars on his legs resulting from the sacrifice of pieces of flesh to the sun prior to the year of his torture experience. Nevertheless, the belief of the Piegan that men who submitted to the torture would not live long after they had given their bodies to the sun, appears to have been based upon religious fear rather than the life histories of men who had been tortured. Several of our elderly South Piegan informants recalled having seen older men of the tribe who bore the scars of the torture. The severity of the torture varied with the depth of the incisions. Older men watched the suppliant carefully, and did not permit the torture to be prolonged indefinitely. Even in the case of Heavy Head, whose experience was described by other elderly Blood Indians as the most severe punishment they had witnessed in sundance tortures, the performance lasted only a few minutes. His narrative indicates the pain and nervous shock must have been intense. But in the majority of cases it probably did no permanent damage to the individual. Although Scraping White and Heavy Head still bear the scars of their torture, these men appear to be in fair health, active of mind and body, nearly six decades after they expiated their vows to the sun in the Blood medicine lodge in the summer of 1889.

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[p. 172-8]

53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

miauàiks. Màtsitstsíp, nitáiistsistotòki. Otáχkuiinnimànoauaists itsitáisapiχ´takìau. Itauánistsiauàiks: Kímmokit, ámoi autsisátot. Nitaikímmatàps, kímmokit. Matsitáiokaiau. Nitúyi ómatsitaumatapauaiàkiokoaiauaiks. Matsitúpæsæmìauaiks. Mátsitstsìp nitáiistsistotòki. A´istæmisksinoyìauaiks: Stáau amóχk táuauaiàkiokaχk. Nitúyi otaχkúiinnimànoauaists áisapoχtomoyìau. Auatsímmoiχ´kamìau. Nánoauasàiniau, màχksikimmísaie. Otáiistæpskokòàiauaiks: Místaput. Nisoóyi, saiitáiistapòsi, ánniaie otsítaikimmokàie. O´kási, itáinoyiuàie. Otsítauanikàie: Kítoχkot, káχkaisokinàks, pikáksists kimátoχkot. Kánnoχk kitáiisksiniχ´p, kítoχkòtaχp, káχkanistaisokìnaχpi matápiua.

They [the ghosts] hit them. They hit them with sticks. When they bother them too much, then [the people] look for them. There are none [that means: they cannot find them], that are bothering them. They put some tobacco in their pipes. Then they tell them: Pity me, take this and smoke it. I am very poor, pity me. Then [after having offered the pipe to the ghost] they go again to sleep. The same way they [the ghosts] start to hit them again. Then they look out for them again. There are none, that are bothering them. Then they know them: It is a ghost, that hits me. The same way they put some more tobacco in their pipes. They pray to them [to the ghosts]. Finally they start to cry, that he [the ghost] might pity them. Then they are ordered away by [the ghost]: Go away. If he [the person] does not go away [before], he will be pitied by [the ghost], [when the ghost says] the fourth time [the word: Go away]. When he sleeps, he sees him [the ghost]. He [the ghost] tells him: I give you, that you may doctor, [and] I give you also the ghost-shots [i. e. the power to inflict them]. And now you know it, that I give you, that you may doctor the people.

Stsíkiks stáuiks áuχkumìau. A´istæmaioχtòaiau, áuχkumìsau. Apatóχtak ánnakaie istúnnatàpsii stáuiks. Akáinitsiau áioχtoχkoχsiks. Ánuíksi tukskámiks matsi-

Other ghosts will yell. Then they are heard, that they yell. It was in the olden times, [that] the ghosts were very dangerous. They would kill the sick. Of

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inform him that his nephew had been murdered by the Blood Indians—that he should immediately attack them, and, therefore, advised us to return as speedily as possible. 682

On reaching the fort we learned that the nephew of the Bear Chief, a very quiet, well-disposed Indian, had ridden out in the morning to look for a horse which had been stolen from him, and had been murdered not far off, on the hills, by the Blood Indians, who had attacked him with their guns, knives, and clubs. Ninoch-Kiaiu was furious, and he now came to Mr. Mitchell to consult with him what was to be done. A sensible old Indian advised that this matter should not be treated as a concern of the whole tribe, but as a private affair, and, consequently, they should wait patiently for an opportunity when they might take vengeance on some member of the murderer's family. The chief, who felt that his honour was deeply wounded, was silent, and lost in thought. As a sign of mourning, he had put on his worst clothes, but not cut off his hair, saying that "his head was too great and strong to do this." [*A portrait of Ninoch-Kiaiu in mourning is on page 139.*] A He had loaded with ball the double-barrelled gun which he had lately received, and suddenly hastened away without saying a word. He afterwards sent word to Mr. Mitchell, that he must go to revenge his kinsman, whose dead body he would not see; but, that it might fall into good hands, he would make a present of it to Mr. Mitchell, whom he requested to bury it. As the murder of the Indian was a consequence of the offence which Ninoch-Kiaiu had offered to the Blood Indians, on the occasion of Martin's death, the present could not well be refused. B

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Early in the morning, the howling and lamenting of the Indians in the camp was heard; and, soon afterwards, the corpse of the murdered man was brought into the fort. It was wrapped up very tightly in buffalo skins, and tied to a travois drawn by one horse. An old man, with a multitude of women and children, his relations, followed the body with loud lamentations. An aged woman in the train had just cut off one joint of her little finger as a sign of mourning, and held the bleeding stump wrapped in a handful of wormwood leaves. When our people had taken the body from the travois between the two gates of the fort, and carried it into the Indian apartment, a young man, the brother of the Bear Chief,

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[p. 105-B]

A, [See Category 765, p. 139--Analyst]
B, [i.e., the accidental death of a white man; see Category 177, p. 103-A--Analyst]

made a speech to the weeping relatives, saying—"Why do you lament and cry?—see, I do not cry: he is gone into the other country, and we cannot awaken him; but, at least, two Blood Indians must accompany him and wait upon him there." An infant, and a boy, the brother of the deceased, died on the same night; and the Indians said that the murdered brother had called the others away. [*In his field journal Maximilian identifies the dead infant as a child of David Mitchell, the issue of a liaison with an Indian woman. The infant was buried in the same grave with the murdered Blackfoot and his dead brother.*]

Thus we had three dead bodies in the fort. As that of the Indian had long been exposed to the air and the sun, it was necessary to make haste to get it out of the way; and Berger, the interpreter, had the disagreeable office of painting, putting on its best clothes, and ornamenting it in the Indian fashion. The two Indians were laid in the same grave, wrapped in a red blanket and buffalo skin, over which was laid a piece of coloured stuff, given by Mr. Mitchell. The bottom and sides of the grave were lined with boards; the body, too, was covered with wood; his bridle, whip, and some other trifles were thrown in, and the grave filled up.

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Ninoch-Kiaiu now continually talked of going to a little camp of the Blood Indians, on the other side of the river, to take vengeance. His brother, who likewise made a great noise, walked about the fort with a loaded pistol, and, at last, begged Mr. Mitchell to have him conveyed over the river, because it was thought that two Blood Indians had been seen, whom he wanted to shoot; to which Mr. Mitchell very calmly replied, that "if he intended to kill any body, he would not assist him." With an expression of violent passion, the Indian, on this, mounted his horse and galloped away, "in order," as the chief said, "to quiet his heart for the present, by the death of a Blood, as they might, at some future time, shoot the real murderer." The chief's aged uncle, Natoie-Poochsen (the word of life), was one of the principal mourners. He had cut off his hair, and besmeared it, as well as his feet and legs, with whitish clay. Mr. Bodmer made a good portrait of him in this dress. [*For this likeness, see page 138.*] He went about howling and crying, while the Bear Chief thought only of procuring brandy. He had in his hand a little mustard-glass filled

A, [See Category 765, p 138-Andgst]